



THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

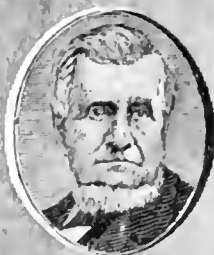
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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ROGER WILLIAMS AND THE SETTLEMENT OF RHODE ISLAND.

NO DOUBT most of you have learned from your school histories or your geographies

land. The history of his life is quite eventful, and we propose to give a short sketch of it in these columns.

Roger Williams was born in the year 1606, at Conwyl Cayo, in Wales. When quite



ROGER WILLIAMS AND THE NARRAGANSET INDIANS.

that the first white settler in Rhode Island was a man by the name of Roger Williams. This man was remarkable for the singular views he entertained and for the influence he wielded among the early settlers of New Eng-

land. young he went to London, and there attracted the attention of a man of wealth by showing his aptitude in taking shorthand notes of speeches and sermons. His newly-made friend took an interest in his welfare and sent him

to school. Three years later, when only eighteen years of age, he entered a college at Oxford, where he studied languages and made preparations for the ministry. He was soon ordained a clergyman in the Church of England, but became converted to the Puritan faith, and in 1631 he came to America, arriving in Boston on the 5th of February of that year.

He very soon became noted among the colonists of New England by the independence of character which he exhibited, and by his boldness in protesting against the actions of the leaders of the commonwealth.

You will remember that the early settlers in New England were the Pilgrims, or Puritans, as they were nick-named, who came from England to enjoy religious freedom. Having emigrated to America for that purpose they were determined that their colony should be governed according to their ideas as a religious body. To perpetuate their identity as a worshiping community, they enacted stringent laws for their government. Non-church members were not permitted a voice in the selection of civil officers, and other precautions were taken to establish themselves on a sure footing. Being naturally dogmatical, they endeavored to force their opinions upon all who came in their midst. It was their cherished desire to establish what they thought would be a reign of righteousness and peace upon the earth, at least in their community. However well they succeeded in their methods for a time, their intolerant and contracted government was doomed to be superseded by one of greater freedom and liberty of conscience. They dwelt upon a land destined to be the home of the free, and it was not consistent with the principles of the freedom such as this country now enjoys for such a community to exist. Had they been willing for others to enjoy liberty of conscience there would have been no objection to their advocating their peculiar doctrines or practicing their religious rites and observances.

The peaceful condition of the New England community was somewhat disturbed by

the advent of Roger Williams among the people. It is quite probable that the course he pursued in that early period tended somewhat to make way for the greater liberty that has since been obtained. He was a man of broad conception and liberal ideas and could not coincide with the narrow-mindedness of his fellow-ministers of the gospel.

Directly upon settling in Boston he refused to identify himself with the congregation because the people would not publicly declare their repentance for having been once connected with the church of England. He went to Salem as a preacher, where he met the disapproval of his fellow-preachers by disclaiming the right of the civil officers to interfere with religious matters, such as compelling people to observe the Sabbath day.

It is somewhat amusing in our day to note the charges brought against him, and which were considered grave offenses in his time. An idea of the fanaticism of the Puritans can be gained from the list of offenses which to their minds, Williams was guilty of.

He claimed that it was not right to compel wicked persons to pray, and that the civil magistrates should not presume to rule men's consciences. Then he protested against their taking land from the Indians without paying for it. He denounced the practice of forcing the unwilling to contribute to the support of the church, or to attend divine service; and insisted that "the magistrate might not intermeddle even to stop a church from apostasy and heresy."

"His most serious and unpardonable offense," as one historian states it, was that he boldly affirmed the unlawfulness of persecution for conscience sake! For entertaining such "heresies," and for openly denouncing the course taken by the church in their actions towards their members, and for renouncing all allegiance to what he considered a persecuting church, he was banished from the colony.

"It was the depth of a New England winter, when Williams fled into the wilderness, and took refuge among the Narraganset

Indians, with whom he had become acquainted at Plymouth. He wandered several weeks through the snow-buried forests, before he reached their wigwams, where he was received and sheltered with the utmost kindness. In the spring he departed in quest of some spot where he could found an asylum for those who, like himself, were persecuted for conscience sake. He first attempted a settlement at Sekonk, but afterwards, at the friendly suggestion of Winslow, the governor of Plymouth, removed to Narraganset Bay, where he received from the Indians a free grant of a considerable tract of country, and in June, 1636, fixed upon the site of a town which he called 'Providence,' as being an appointed refuge from his persecutions and wanderings. Here he was joined by many of his adherents from Salem, his lands were freely distributed among them, and thus arose the new State of Rhode Island; the most free, and simple, and untrammelled in its institutions of any ever founded on the soil of America."

While in Massachusetts, Williams had made a study of the language of the Indians in that locality and became a friend to them. His services on this account were of great value to the colonies. He established in Rhode Island a Baptist church, having become convinced that immersion was the proper mode of baptism; but subsequently withdrew from the church he had founded, as he had come to the conclusion that he was without authority and had no right to organize a church. He further claimed that there was "no regularly constituted church on earth, nor any person authorized to administer any church ordinance; nor can there be until new apostles are sent by the Great Head of the church, for whose coming I am seeking."

To have such a clear conception of what was required to establish the true church of Christ upon the earth he certainly must have been inspired.

Roger Williams made two trips to England on business connected with the colony, the most important of which was the procuring of

a charter for the new commonwealth. While there he also published several works. Some of these were devoted to reviewing the actions of the clergy in New England, showing up their crimes in persecuting the Quakers and their lack of authority to officiate in the name of Christ. On returning from his second trip in 1654 he was elected president of the colony he had been the means of establishing. He was greatly loved and highly esteemed by his people, and he well deserved to be, as he did much for their welfare in procuring and maintaining the freedom they enjoyed, which was considerably greater than that of the other colonies.

Roger Williams died in 1683.

THE DRAMA OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 441.]

AMERICA the boasted haven of the oppressed of all classes, while declaring the principle of freedom to be the privilege of all human beings, yet practiced a system of slavery by which thousands of human beings are held in bondage. We witness the sufferings of these poor creatures who are helpless to raise a finger against the tyranny to which they are subjected by their masters. Mothers are separated from their children, husbands from their wives and sold to the highest bidder, in defiance of the laws of humanity, and other evils are the outcome of this monstrous system. A strange institution indeed, to flourish in a land of freedom!

At length a few begin to denounce the wrongs suffered by the blacks, and to proclaim against the injustice of the slave system. Others take it up, and soon the northern states unite themselves together and demand its suppression. The south rises in revolt, and some of the states pass acts of secession, a step of fearful importance as it threatens the safety and glory of the republic.

Excitement and alarm prevail throughout America. The national government is par-

alyzed by this blow and the importance of its responsibilities in this great issue, and the country seems on the verge of ruin. A presidential election is at hand and the people of both north and south await its outcome in anxious suspense, for upon the choice of a chief representative for the nation will depend a settlement of the question of the abolition of slavery. The election takes place amid excitement and uproar, and Lincoln is the man chosen to stand at the head of the nation in this trying time.

The south is in despair, and the violence of feeling is such that the president is compelled to enter the capital secretly and at night. We see him facing fearlessly the dangers of the turbulent times, and proclaiming the emancipation of the slaves, an act which makes thousands of human beings free. The south forms a new government under the name of the Confederate States of America, and elects her own president to stand at its head. Soldiers are drilled, Fort Sumpter is seized and the great civil war is commenced. We see the spectacle of countrymen fighting against each other, friend against friend, brother against brother. Thousands fall in the great battles that are fought. Families are broken up and homes desolated throughout America. The end of four years bloodshed sees the closing scenes of the great war and the triumphs of the union. Slavery is abolished and the whole nation does honor to the great man who declared the principles of right, and the brave soldiers whose courage has established them.

Then follows a tragic scene. The nation is plunged from rejoicing into grief, for the great Lincoln meets his death at the hands of an assassin—a martyr to the cause of liberty. The war has not put a stop to the hatred engendered by the cause for which it was waged, and scenes of violence and injustice mark the progress of reconstruction. Years of suffering follow, for the country has been plunged into debt by the war, and scenes of privation and hardship ensue.

After a time we behold a more peaceful

spirit existing between the north and south, and see them acting together in harmony for the welfare of the nation. Prosperity and wealth increase as the nation continues in the enjoyment of tranquility. Education is universal; religion multiplies its sects throughout the land for years, without dread of interference, for religious freedom is the boast of the republic.

At length, however, we see this boasted principle set at naught. A strange religion comes in the land, and the curtain rises upon a new scene in the history of religious intolerance. We first see the founder of the new faith, a mere boy, praying for guidance in a choice among the many different doctrines which have sprung from the first simple forms. Then we see him preaching the message of a new revelation from on high, and giving to the world the inspired book which he had translated from plates found in "the hill." A wonderful story the pages of this book unfold—a story which gives the history of the ancient races which have inhabited the continent of America. All the evidences which were found by those early explorers of the existence in the past of a superior race upon the western hemisphere are verified, and every conjecture as to their origin and history is set at rest. Owing their birth to the old world whose scenes we know so well, the progenitors of the ancient races are guided afar to the untrodden fastnesses of the western continent. The later inhabitants, dwelling for a time under the commands of the Almighty, they continue a white and delightful people, favored and protected by the Lord. Then idolatry creeps in, and wickedness takes possession of their hearts. Under the burden of the Lord's curse, the Lamanites become dark skinned and loathsome, and wander to and fro a despised and forsaken people. The story of the destruction of Atlantis tells the punishment of a people whose iniquities had aroused the anger of God. Christ then comes among them, with His plan of salvation. The existence of Christian rites among the modern races, shows the last remaining traces of the

pure gospel which was taught by Christ Himself, to their forefathers. But step by step they fall away from godliness and the degradation of the remnant of races found today throughout America, is a witness of their extreme punishment.

The book which relates this testimony of past ages the world refuses to receive. Joseph Smith is denounced as an imposter, becomes persecuted for the religion which he sets up in accordance with commands he has received, and finally falls a martyr to the hatred of his enemies. His followers are persecuted and driven from place to place, and find at last an asylum among the lofty mountains of the west. We see them enduring the hardships and privations of their weary journey through the wilderness, and witness their joy and thanksgiving as they behold the spot which is to be the gathering place of Zion.

We see them conquering the unfruitful soil and redeeming the barren tracts to vegetation. We see them followed by persecution and remaining true through every scene of trial to the principles of their faith.

Meanwhile throughout the world all is commotion, nations contend against each other, men are possessed of a restless spirit which nothing can appease; secret organizations spring up which threaten governments with anarchy and ruin; there are wars and rumors of wars, floods, fires, earthquakes and disasters by sea and land—all those signs foretold by prophecy which proclaim a speedy denouement of the great plot of the world's drama.

We who have followed so far the events of the whole can now only wait to see what will be the next important scene enacted in its progress. It may be that some of us shall witness the final act of the great drama. It is a grand thought to make it our aim to train our spirits in accord with the great purpose and motive of the whole, that we may wait without fear the enactment of the final scene, and gaze with unalloyed transport upon the divine tableau which will mark its end.

Josephine Spencer.

UP FROM TRIBULATION.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 430.]

ASENETH stood a moment near the sink, slowly drawing down her turned-up sleeves, and looked with quivering lips at the man whose arms had so closely clasped her that she could still feel their pressure. Another moment of indecision, then slowly she stepped to his side, and sinking down to her knees she laid a timid hand on his knee.

"Willard," she murmured, "why are you so hasty? See me, dear, I am here, and if I am not willing to disobey my parents, it is not because I do not—love you."

He drew her up to him and murmured,

"It is the very first time you have ever owned to loving me, Aseneth, and I have told you my feelings so many times that I felt aggrieved. Now in order to make your restitution complete, my girl, you must kiss me of your own free will and accord; then I will tell you of the good things which have befallen us, and all about your father's giving his consent."

"Has father given his consent?" And she sprang up with eager delight.

"Yes, my dear," drawing her back to him, "you might as well remain here, for you see I have the right now to hold you," and he playfully pinched her ear.

That was a short, yet long hour they spent in happy converse; the poor candle grew so long as to wick, and so short as to tallow that it set up at last a dim spluttering remonstrance which for the nonce was totally unheeded by Aseneth's careful fingers.

It was certainly near midnight when the two arose and said good-night. As Aseneth looked up into his darkly beaming brown eyes she whispered under her breath.

"Thank God!"

"What's that?"

She hesitated, and then repeated her exclamation of gratitude.

"Willard, it is not always those who can show their feelings and act them out who feel the deepest. My way may not be as gushing

as some, but I can be faithful and will love you I know forever and forever."

The words seemed drawn from her usually reserved silent lips by the excitement of the moment. But ah, faithful true heart, how truly did'st thou prophesy that night! Faithful, fond and true, even in' these latter years of persecution and gloom, faithful even unto death and prison bars.

Willard vaguely realized that he had won a prize of unusual worth even among the fair and worthy daughters of blest Utah.

I will not linger over the hasty preparations for the wedding; the few articles of underwear, the two new dresses, the "pillow-slips" and coarse sheets which Aseneth's slow but careful fingers furnished and finished. The Mainwarings made haste to piece and quilt two good serviceable bed-quilts to aid in the new house furnishing. Aseneth's mother made up twelve yards of rag-carpeting, the tearing, sewing, coloring and weaving all being done by her own hands.

Aunt Sarah undertook to make the white swiss wedding dress, and to cook the wedding supper.

During those days of preparation Willard worked from daylight till long after dark, making and getting such simple furniture as was necessary for the ordinary wants of their home.

The day before the wedding, Brother Lang came down, and overwhelmed both Willard and Aseneth with the present of a good carpet loom he had got on a trade. This was a very valuable present, for it would mean a comfortable living with a chance to save something perhaps while Willard was on his mission. The good merchant was pleased in his daughter's happiness and gratitude, and pretty successfully concealed the lingering traces of his dislike to his future son-in-law.

On the morning of the 2nd of April, 1861, the party from the farm drove up to the city and went straight to the Endowment House.

After giving in their names to the clerk, President Heber C. Kimball came up to the

table and shaking hands with them all, he put his hand on Willard's shoulder and said,

"God bless you Brother Gibbs, and preserve you from danger by flood and by fire, by shot and by shell. Your labors shall be many, your reward shall be sure. You shall drag your sheep from the bowels of hell, and return to the fold with it close to your heart. Go in peace and return in safety. Don't leave your heart here behind you, but put Sister Aseneth in the hands of God. As soon as you leave Great Salt Lake City, leave every care, every burden, every thought behind you but the burden of your mission. God will not accept of half-hearted labors. Be single-hearted and you shall receive the blessing."

Then they were married and the whole Mainwaring and Lang families drove at once back to the farm where Aunt Sarah was awaiting them, her table, as the good Bishop said in his blessing, "spread with the rich bounties of life."

Of course there was much laughter and jest, and Willard was obliged to keep a steady head and a quick tongue to parry off the many shafts of good-natured raillery and wit levelled at his and Aseneth's heads.

Rhoda had not returned from the south, and in his heart Willard was glad she had not. It was better so.

After the clatter of dishes had subsided and everybody was for the moment silent, sitting still at the table loth to rise from the place where all had so enjoyed themselves, the Bishop spoke up, and looking down at the young couple opposite him, remarked :

"Brother Willard, there are a few things I wish to say to you. You have now taken upon yourself the solemn obligations of a family. And let me say to you, that the responsibility of your own life, and that of your wife or wives as well as your children rests mainly upon you. You are the head. See to it that you lead in the right direction. Don't worry about what your wives or children may or may not do. Do your own duty fully, faithfully; guide, counsel, walk in the line of your duty, and you can leave the rest with God.

Never sacrifice principle to please any woman, or you may find you have added your soul's salvation to the sacrifice and lost it. You are the stronger vessel, and must needs bear the heavier burdens. Be kind and loving always to your family, but do not be weak and indulgent. God expects strength and obedience to Him from you, and gentleness and obedience to you from your wife. Her love and obedience are only promised to you on conditions of your obedience to the gospel. This I want to impress upon all my sons; if they are faithful and true to their covenants, their wives can never get away from them in all eternity: but if they violate those sacred obligations they have made, they will not only be punished themselves, but their wives will be taken from them and given to a worthier man."

"That's all very well, pa," spoke up sharp tongued Aunt Fanny, "but there's such a thing as a man getting a deceitful hussy for a wife, and she can make lots of trouble and misery."

The Bishop looked across at his wife but did not answer for a moment. Then,

"You are right, Fanny; but if a husband does his duty and is *a man*, his wives will sooner or later learn to respect his wishes and to love each other. Each soul must win its own salvation, but women are much better, naturally, than men. I have a great admiration for the sisters."

Then the talk drifted to other subjects, and the rest of the evening was spent in laughter and chat, frolic and fun.

Willard had slipped away to the new house and had lighted a fire in the fireplace, for the evening was cool; as he stood looking around the room, the home-made bed in one corner, the big carpet loom in the opposite one, the floor carpeted half way with the bright new carpet, the deal table and two rush-bottomed chairs, the flashing fire sending its cheer over hearth and walls, the small array of tinware on the one shelf sending back into the blaze an answering twinkle of light, he lifted up his heart to God in a swift, silent prayer of

gratitude and longing to remember the counsels of President Young and his kind friend, the Bishop. How simply yet effectually God had answered his prayers! He was too happy and grateful tonight to allow one skeptical doubt as to its being a coincidence. That might intrude later, but he had started in the right path to reach peace and a reliance upon a higher power, and it was ordained that he should learn the lesson fully and well.

An hour after he brought his bride with him. Going up to the mantle piece Aseneth took something from it, and returning to Willard she put a small package in his hand.

"This was sent by Rhoda to us as a present. I have not opened it. Aunt Mary gave it to me today."

Willard untied the string and found a prettily-worked needle-book full of bright, new needles and a daintily-made, round pin-cushion, each worked with a small flower, the pin-cushion filled with bright-headed pins. The pins and needles were in themselves no mean gift in those days, and the paper which fell out with the words,

"With love, from your friend

"RHODA,"

filled Aseneth's heart with gratitude and her eyes with tears.

"Here, Aseneth, they are for you," said Willard.

"No, dear, she meant them for you to carry in your pocket while you are on your mission. Take them; indeed it will give me real pleasure to have you take them."

Willard looked down, deep into the tender, shining eyes, and asked himself if it were possible this girl meant what she said.

"Why, my girl, I should think you would be jealous."

"I hope God will keep me from ever being jealous," she answered in a low, earnest tone. "If you love me, surely I ought to be content."

That was strange doctrine to the young man, but he refused to accept her offer.

"No, I shall not take them. You might feel badly about it after I am gone."

"Indeed I shall not, then. Please oblige me, dear."

"Well, if you are going to feel so badly about it, I will take the pin-cushion, for it will be very handy. But the needle-book you must certainly keep, for it would be useless to me, and certainly was not meant for me, either. Perhaps Miss Rhoda would be offended for me to take either. She does not have a very good opinion of me."

Then their talk drifted to the day just passed and to the future spread out before them, and after some whispered words of love and tenderness, they two knelt down by the high piled straw bed, and dedicated their new home, their happiness and their lives to God and His kingdom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SKETCHES FROM THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

What the People Eat.

IF THE readers of the INSTRUCTOR were asked, "What is the staff of life?" they would readily answer, "Bread." Well, that would be correct as regards the United States, but would not do for Samoa. Outside of Apia, bread is as rare an article on Samoan "tables" as cocoanuts are in Utah. The answer here would be, *Ulu* or *talo* or *niu*, (Breadfruit or taro or cocoanuts). It is really hard to decide which of these three is of the most importance. They form three very important "staffs" in the Samoan's life. In questioning the natives on the subject, I find that they differ in their opinion as to which they could best do without.

If their importance be rated according to the amount consumed, the food of the Samoan would probably stand in the following order: *Ulu*, *niu*, *talo*, *fai*, *ifi*, *ufi*, *esi* and *umala*. That is, breadfruit, cocoanut, taro, banana, chestnut, pawpaw and sweet potato.

The breadfruit, cocoanut, banana, chestnut and pawpaw (Mark Twain's musk-melons on

trees), grow in great profusion without the least cultivation, making Samoa about the easiest country in the world in which to make a "living"—the principal articles of food having to be merely gathered and cooked.

The taro, yam and sweet potato have to be cultivated, and as the breadfruit has its seasons, these are planted so as to mature in the seasons of scarcity. The sweet potato, however, is very little known outside of Apia and adjacent villages, where it is cultivated, principally, as a means of getting a little money, there being quite a market for it among the foreigners at Apia, and with visiting vessels. They bring about one cent per pound.

Oranges, pine-apples and limes are also somewhat plentiful, and grow spontaneously, except on the large German plantations, where they are cultivated for exportation.

While these delicate fruits are very gratifying to the palate and almost necessary to the health of the foreigner, they form a very insignificant part of the diet of the natives who seem to have a horror of anything bordering on the sour. If in any way you can induce them to take a bite of a lime, or taste a pickle, their facial contortions are something painful to behold.

Of the meats eaten by the Samoan, fish forms by far the greatest part. Shark meat is considered a delicacy. Under the head of fish must be counted all kinds of shell-fish, crabs, sand-spiders and squid. If there is any living creature—fish, crab or bug, in the sea, that a Samoan will not eat if he can catch it, it has never come under my notice.

Next to fish comes pork, the natives being quite successful pig raisers. Then wild pigeons, tame chickens and ducks. Chicken and duck raising is not very successful, however, owing to the rats (with which the islands fairly swarm), eating the little ones as soon as they are hatched. They will steal them from under the mother's wing at night.

The rich, oily cocoanut enables the natives to make many very palatable and tasty dishes. Probably the most important is the *palusami*.

It is prepared as follows: Ripe cocoanuts are scraped fine in a large wooden bowl. A strainer is then prepared from the fibrous husk that encloses the cocoanut. The scraped cocoanut is next placed, a double handful at a time, in this strainer, and wrung and twisted until all the rich, creamy juice is expressed. Then enough sea-water is mixed with it to weaken it down and at the same time season it. Hence the name *palu*, to mix; *sami*, sea-water. Young and tender taro leaves each about the size of a saucer, having previously been selected, are then made ready in piles of almost five or six leaves each, and held up cup shaped to receive about a wine-glassful of the mixture. This, in turn, is wrapped carefully in a piece of banana leaf and is then ready for baking. This, of course, is repeated until all the material is used up. Before eating, the banana-leaf wrapper is removed, the remainder very much resembles greens mixed with thick cream. Two *palusamis* and some newly cooked taro or breadfruit make a good meal.

When taro leaves are scarce, or the natives lazy, (which is not an infrequent condition of the Samoan), the rich expressed juice of the cocoanut, without the sea-water, is put up in small quantities in pieces of a banana leaf and baked. It then looks like thick custard, and is called *fai'ai*—brains, from its striking resemblance to that article. This is used with breadfruit or taro about as we use butter on bread, but has to be eaten sparingly on account of its richness, or one soon gets surfeited of it.

Then there is a *tafolo*, which is a favorite dish with both natives and foreigners. The large wooden bowl is prepared full of the expressed juice of the cocoanut meat and sea-water, as in making *palusami*. Some newly cooked breadfruit is then kneaded into the consistency of thick dough, and put while smoking hot, into the mixture. A native then thrusts in his hands, which you must always suppose to be scrupulously clean, and works the breadfruit up into small, round balls of a suitable size to be taken in the

mouth. Another native, in the meantime, has prepared some banana leaves for bowls, into which the now fully prepared *tafolo* is scooped, two double handfuls to the person, and distributed to the guests. To prevent the banana leaf from flattening out and letting the contents escape, each one makes a little hole among the pebbles, of which the floor is composed, and sets his "bowl" into it.

The natives throw the lumps into their mouths with their fingers and swallow them without mastication, and then put their faces into their banana leaf-plate and drink up the gravy with a kind of suction-pump noise which shows that they like it. They generally have their quart eaten and their mouths wiped on a post by the time we get a spoon fished out of our satchels.

Samoan etiquette demands that those who prepare *tafolo*, shall be decked with evergreens. To serve it while dressed in ordinary costume, would be an insult to the company.

In bringing it from the cook house to where it is to be eaten, the cooks must also go on the run and shout at the top of their voices. I have never found out yet any good reason for the unearthly shouting, only that it is customary.

Then there is *fa'ausi*—scraped taro or yam mixed with the expressed juice of the cocoanut and baked, and a few other dishes of minor importance. Most any food, mixed with cocoanut and baked is good, but foreigners soon surfeit of it.

The Samoans cook as do the Hawaiians, and in fact all the other Polynesian races so far as I can learn. About a couple of wheelbarrow loads of fire proof stones are selected, about the size of one's fist. A circular hole is made in the ground for the "oven." Wood is placed in the hole and the stones on top of the wood, and the fire kindled. By the time the wood is consumed, the stones are red hot and in the bottom of the hole. The cinders are carefully thrown out from among them and the stones leveled down. Then the raw food is brought and piled upon the stones—

taro, breadfruit, fish or any other kind of meat, *palusami* or anything else that needs cooking, all together. The hole is then quickly covered with banana leaves to keep the food clean. Grass, old mats and rubbish are then piled on to keep in the heat. Before finally closing up the top, a little water is thrown in to create steam. All holes are now carefully stopped and the food left to cook. Upon uncovering, at the end of three hours or so, everything is found to be thoroughly and evenly cooked. It is now taken into the house in baskets made of cocoanut leaves and everybody prepares for a meal. Any one that may be passing is invited to come in and eat.

Little cocoanut leaf mats about one by three feet, that are always kept hung up in the house for the purpose, are then brought to serve as tables and plates, and the food is divided out. A mat is placed before every guest and member of the family, the person of highest rank always being served first. After a blessing has been asked, all set to and have a hearty meal.

As each one is satisfied (and Samoan etiquette does not require small eaters to keep on nibbling until the big eaters are satisfied), his mat is taken, and the food that may be left put into a basket, and the scraps into the waste basket.

A wooden dish of water is then passed around to wash the hands, and the meal is over. No dishes to wash, no knives and forks to scour nor table cloths to fold up.

They cook, generally, every alternate day, and always on Saturdays.

Although food is generally so plentiful on Samoa, there are periods when the islands are visited with terrible hurricanes, which tear the fruit, both ripe and green, off the trees, and spread devastation all around. When such a calamity occurs, a scarcity of food is the almost immediate result. After what is eatable of the wind-falls is gone, every one looks to his taro patches for food. These do not last long, however, for the majority of the people take little interest in the cultivation of taro so long as other kinds of food

are plentiful. The result is that in two or three months after a severe hurricane a famine is raging.

Two of the severest hurricanes that ever visited Samoa occurred in 1889—one in February and one in March. The readers of the INSTRUCTOR have no doubt read of the last one, in which four men-of-war were wrecked and one hundred and forty men lost their lives in the Apia harbor. The breadfruit crop was destroyed, and thousands of the trees were blown down. The banana tribe was slaughtered unmercifully, and the cocoanut crop also suffered terribly. Hundreds of houses were blown down, and most of the small freighting vessels of the island wrecked. Twenty small taro sold readily for one dollar, and were soon unobtainable even at that price. With the exception of what fish they could catch, the people were reduced to eating roots and whatever else they could get. Thousands of dollars' worth of rice and hardtack biscuits were given to the people by the different mission societies, and many donations were received from New Zealand.

It is now thirteen months since the hurricane occurred, yet the island has not entirely recovered from the effects.

J. H. D.

IMPOLITENESS PUNISHED.

THE true gentleman is known by his demeanor on the street and at his business, as well as by his manners in the society of ladies or at home. One often sees people, however, who think it necessary to be disgustingly rude in public in order to show their smartness, and such persons spare the feelings of none in the accomplishment of this object. Of this latter class are the so-called "dudes," who lack intelligence and endeavor to make up for it in pretended smartness. Such creatures should be shunned. A man who dresses neatly and deports himself properly is not a "dude," for all people should try to do this, but he is one who dresses so peculiar as

to attract notice, and yet has not sufficient intelligence to retain the attention of those who see him. This class seem to feel themselves at liberty to treat whom they will in a contemptible manner, and it is refreshing to hear of their vanity receiving a check, especially when it is administered by those who are insulted as happened in Indianapolis a short time since :

It was a bright sunshiny afternoon. The street was thronged with people enjoying a delightful promenade. A noticeable feature was three young ladies marching abreast. They were three wholesome, pretty young ladies. Their dress was tastefully and picturesque, without a hint of "what a pile of money it must cost." They walked briskly with a good, firm stride ; every gesture, every movement was full of grace and beauty. They talked and laughed and chattered as they went, full of fun and exuberance of youth.

One thing was certain ; they were minding their own business. Though they were the observed of all observers they made not the slightest effort to attract attention to themselves. But who could help turning to look admiringly upon such animated loveliness, still in the sweet bloom of innocent girlhood? The middle girl of the three was the largest and a pronounced brunette ; her companions were golden-haired.

Three "dudes," warmed into life by an incubator, and brought up on bottles, stood with their backs leaning against a fashionable cigar front. They had loitered there all the afternoon, throwing out jibes. They devoted special attention to such young ladies as they knew would be particularly annoyed and mortified by their insolence.

The central figure of this precious trio was a big, strapping, well-dressed fellow with a famous black moustache and sense enough to know better ; but he engaged in this shameless business with a braggadocia and insolent leer that said in plain Anglo-Saxon :

"O, I know you don't like it, but how are you going to help yourself?"

As the chattering young ladies came opposite the cigar front their quick ears were greeted with "Sweet violets," "See the spring daisies," "Do you see the white horses anywhere?" The young ladies became instantly silent, stared steadily for a moment at the puppies, then moved on.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the big "dude," ironically ; "He, he, he!" echoed the two sap-headed idiots with him.

By and by a hack drove slowly up and stopped close to the curb opposite the front. The single occupant stepped out and stood holding the door open, as if expecting some one to enter. He was a neatly made, athletic fellow, with hair short cropped and coat buttoned close up in front. There was nothing in this to attract attention—simply a hack waiting for some one.

But here are the three charmers coming back giggling, laughing and displaying themselves as if bent on attracting the attention of the world. What are they up to?

"Ha! ha! ha!" went the big dude.

"He! he! he!" echoed the idiots.

Instantly three cow-hides flashed in the air.

A few keen slashes sent the idiots flying home to their nursing bottles. The big fellow showed fight. Each of his arms was seized by a golden-haired blonde, who were assisted by the strong brunette.

The victim struggled and cursed and kicked and shouted. An old woman standing by screamed "Sakes alive," and fell in a dead faint. "Good for you, girls; give it to him," cheered an old granger.

The cowhides fell fast and furious. The blood trickled. The gathering crowd clapped their hands.

"Take 'em off," faintly whimpered the big dude, now limp as a rag.

"Stand back, stand back," growled two burly policemen, edging and crowding to the front. "Come with us," they commanded, laying their hands on the fair scourgers to arrest them.

The man standing at the hack door sprang

forward, shot out a left-hander, then a right-hander, and two officers stood back.

The three heroines slipped into the hack, followed by their protector, the hackman laid the whip and they were gone.

Late that night two policemen met a smiling hackdriver.

"Say, John, what did you charge those people today for that job?"

"I made no charge. That fellow that knocked you two out just handed me a five and told me to obey orders; and I did."

"Where are they?"

"Do you want to know real bad?"

"Yes, we do."

"I don't know; but I have that fellow's card," said John, with a twinkle.

"Let us see it."

They read, "John Thomas, Professor of Athletics."

"Say, Cap."

"Well?"

"These young ladies were his pupils."

C. N.

GLOBE GLEANINGS.

THE NATION'S MONEY.

SOME people think that because money is so difficult for them to obtain that there is not sufficient in circulation, and the government should therefore issue a larger quantity. The fact is, very few really know the amount of gold, silver and currency in circulation. The following facts have been learned by inquiry at the Treasury department concerning the nation's money:

There is, all told, just a little over two billions, or between \$30 and \$40 dollars apiece for every man, woman and child in the United States. Of this a little over one-half is in gold and silver coin, and a little less than one-half in paper of various kinds. Of the metal money about two-thirds is in gold and one-third in silver. Of the paper about one-third is in United States notes or greenbacks, one-fourth in silver certificates, one-

sixth in gold certificates, one-fifth in national bank notes and the remainder in various denominations.

But the \$2,000,000,000 of United States currency are not all in circulation among the people. More than one-third is locked up in the Treasury building, and that is the normal state of things. One-half of all the gold and three-fourths of all the silver is locked up in the Treasury. The circulating medium in use among the people is three-fourths paper, the largest volume being in greenbacks, with silver certificates next, then national bank notes, then gold certificates. But we would not be doing gold justice if we did not say that there was more gold in circulation than any one kind of paper.

What a disproportion between the amount of wealth and the amount of money in the United States! All the money in the country, including what is locked up in the Treasury, would not be sufficient to buy the real estate and the personal property in the city of Washington.

Americans are not in the habit of carrying all their wealth in their pockets, and that is why American money is worth cent per cent all the world over.

The largest greenback extant is worth \$10,000, and there is only one such note in existence. Of \$5,000 notes there are seven; and when you come down to the ordinary, everyday \$1,000 note, there are a large number.

AN INNOCENT SUFFERER.

The fallibility of human judgment is discovered every day. This is not more apparent in the affairs of communities such as that of the Latter-day Saints, who have for years suffered under the ban of erroneous human judgment, than in business and social circles and in the carrying out of the law. Cases are not few that have been revealed where innocent persons have suffered death, having been convicted on circumstantial evidence of crimes the penalty of which was death and yet with which they had nothing to do.

Other cases have occurred where long terms of imprisonment have been inflicted on innocent victims. An instance of this latter class has just come to light.

Eight years ago Robin Shields, a negro, was convicted in South Carolina of arson, and was sentenced to pass the remainder of his life at hard labor in the penitentiary. He has been serving his sentence, but he contracted consumption and for months past has been failing daily. A few days ago the Board of Directors received proof that Shields was innocent. Shields had been employed in a store which was burned. The clerk believed the negro to be guilty, and the negro was convicted on circumstantial evidence. He always denied his guilt. Now the clerk comes forward and says he is convinced that Robin Shields is innocent, and that the store was burned by its owner for the insurance money.

The clerk was very anxious that a pardon should be granted, and the Board of Directors immediately petitioned the Governor to set at liberty the wrongfully imprisoned man. Shields received the information with joy. He begged that he might be released the next morning, and the Governor promised he should. While at his office in the morning, about to sign the pardon, the Governor was informed that Shields was dead. His vindication had come too late.

How impressive the lesson which this and similar incidents should teach! Appearances and common rumor may condemn an individual or a people, but how slow we should be to pass judgment! Our errors may bring life-long sorrow to our fellow-men, and rob them of blessings which it will never be in our power to restore.

MARVELS OF MECHANISM.

Among the marvels of human skill and ingenuity exhibited by the London Mechanical and Scientific Society may be mentioned an instrument loaned by the great Armstrong Gun Works, which accurately measures thick-

ness down to the one-thousandth part of an inch; a similar instrument by a rival mechanic which grades thicknesses in one-millionth parts; a scale by Oberling, the world-famous balance maker, which turns with the one-thousandth of a grain while loaded with 3,000 grains, and an engine by a Paddington watch maker, which contains 122 pieces, not including thirty-three bolts and screws, and can be hidden in a lady's No. 7 thimble.

A PECULIAR TEST.

A characteristic story of Edison is told by a friend of his who called on business at the Orange laboratory not long ago. The visitor waited patiently for Edison, who was not in sight, and in the interim observed a sharp fusilade of neatly tied-up packages going on from the roof of the laboratory. When the ground was pretty well strewn with these novel missiles an attendant came along and scooped them into a basket.

The situation became interesting, not to say mysterious, for although the gentleman happened to be very familiar with the wonders of electricity, and, moreover, with the original way that Edison sometimes has of developing them, he was completely non-plussed.

The solution was simple and amusing. He was soon shown into a room, and there was Edison and his assistant opening out the packages which they had been pitching from the top of the laboratory. Each package contained a speaking doll, carefully packed, and the object of the inspection was to find out whether the contents had come unharmed through their rough ordeal, for the inventor argued that if they were well enough packed for that, they could take a trip round the globe with safety.

A NEW WAY TO GET COURAGE.

There are numerous plans to which different people resort for the purpose of winning courage, but of them all the most peculiar is

the following, as related by a captain in the Union army:

Just before the battle of Antietam five recruits came down for my company. One of the batch was named Danforth, a farmer's son fresh from the corn fields, and as we took up the line of march to head Lee off and bring him to bay, Danforth said to me,

"See, here, Sergeant, I've made a mistake."

"How?"

"I hain't got no sand. I allus thought I had, but when I come down here and see what war is, I find I hain't got the spunk of a rabbit."

"That's bad."

"So it is. We're going to have a fight purty soon, and I know what'll happen. I shall bolt as sure as shooting."

"Then you'll be called a coward and disgraced forever."

"That's so, and I don't want it. I want you to do me a great favor."

"Well?"

"Wall, if I kin git mad I'll be all right and forgit my shaking. Keep your eye on me, and as soon as we git within five miles of the rebels kick me good and stout."

After some further talk I promised him. We were in Hooker's corps, and as we moved in against Jackson, Danforth obliqued along-side and said,

"Sergeant, kick me or I shall bolt. I haven't got sand enough to see a chicken die."

We were moving through the timber, and I stepped behind him and "lifted" him twice, as hard as I could kick. He shot aside, and the next time I saw him we were at a fence on the edge of a corn field. The fire was hot and men were falling thick. I had just fired from a rest on the top rail when Danforth came up, faced the other way and said,

"More kicks, Sergeant! I know I've dropped two of 'em, but my sand is going."

I kicked him again with a good deal of vigor, and just then we got the order to advance and he was the first man over the fence.

Half an hour later we were driven back, considerably disorganized, and as I crossed

the fence I came across Danforth again. He had a rebel captain by the collar and was carrying the officer's sword in his hand. As he saw me he called out,

"Sand is all right, Sergeant. No more kicks. As soon as I take this chap to the rear I'm going back and collar old Stonewall himself, or die trying."

W. Wenig.

THE JUDGMENT OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

In the Time of Henry the Eighth.

IN THE pleasant fields of Battersea, near the river side, on a spot which is now covered with houses, dwelt, three hundred and ten years ago, the blind widow, Annice Collie, and her orphan grandchild, Dorothy. These two were alone in the world, and yet they might scarcely be said to feel their loneliness, for they were all the world to each other.

Annice Collie had seen better days; for she was the daughter of a substantial yeoman, and her husband, Reuben Collie, had been a gardener in the service of good queen Catherine, the first wife of king Henry VIII.; and Annice had been a happy wife, a joyful mother and a liberal housekeeper, having wherewithal to bestow on the wayfarer and stranger at their need. It was, however, the will of God that these blessings should be taken from her. The queen fell into adversity, and, being removed from her favorite palace at Greenwich to give place to her newly-exalted rival, Anne Boleyn, her faithful servants were all discharged, and among them Reuben Collie and his son Arthur were deprived of their situations in the royal gardens.

This misfortune, though heavy, appeared light in comparison with the bitter reverses that had befallen their royal mistress, for the means of obtaining an honest livelihood were still in the power of the industrious little

family, and beyond that their ambition extended not.

Reuben Collie had acquired a very considerable knowledge of the art of horticulture, an art at that time so little practiced in England that the salads and vegetables with which the tables of the great were supplied were all brought, at a great expense, from Holland and were, of course, never eaten in perfection. Reuben Collie, however, whose observations on the soil and climate had convinced him that these costly exotics might be raised in England, procured seeds of various kinds from a friend of his in the service of the Duke of Cleves, and was so fortunate as to rear a few plants of cabbages, savoy, brocoli, lettuces, artichokes and cucumbers, to the unspeakable surprise of all the gardeners in London and its environs; and honest Reuben narrowly escaped being arraigned as a wizard in consequence of their envy at the success of his experiment. He had hired a cottage with a small field adjoining, and this he and his son Arthur had with great care and toil converted into a garden and nursery ground for rearing fruit trees, vegetables, costly flowers and herbs of grace; and this spot he flattered himself would one day prove a mine of wealth to himself, and his son after him. That golden season never arrived; for Arthur, who had during a leisure time obtained work in a nobleman's garden at Chelsea for the sake of bringing home a few additional groats to assist in the maintenance of his wife Margaret and his little daughter Dorothy, who lived with the old people, was unfortunately killed by the fall of an old wall, over which he was training a fig tree.

The news of this terrible catastrophe was a death-blow to Reuben Collie. The afflicted mother and wife of Arthur struggled with their own grief to offer consolation to him; but it was in vain, for he never smiled again. He no longer took any interest in the garden, which had been before so great a source of pleasure to him; he suffered the weeds to grow up in his borders, and the brambles to take root in his beds. His flowers bloomed

unheeded by him, and his fruit trees remained unpruned: even his darling exotics, the very pride of his heart and the delight of his eyes, whose progress he had heretofore watched with an affection that almost savored of idolatry, were neglected; and, resisting all the efforts which his wife and daughter-in-law could make to rouse him from this sinful state of despair, he fell into a languishing disorder and died a few months after the calamity that had rendered him childless.

And now the two widows, Annice and Margaret Collie, had no one to work for them or render them any comfort in their bereavement, save the little Dorothy; nevertheless, they did not abandon themselves to the fruitless indulgence of grief as poor Reuben had done, but the day after they had with tearful eyes assisted at his humble obsequies they returned to their accustomed occupations, or rather they commenced a course of unwonted labor in the neglected garden, setting little Dorothy to weed the walks and borders while they prepared the beds to receive crops, or transplanted the early seedlings from the frames. And Dorothy, though so young, was dutifully and industriously disposed, and a great comfort to them both; it was her especial business to gather the strawberries and currants, and to cull the flowers for posies, and carry them out to sell daily; nor was she afraid to venture, even to the great city of London, on such errands, though her only companion and guard was a beautiful Spanish dog called Constant, which had been given to her when quite a little puppy by her royal mistress, good queen Catherine, who was wont to bestow much notice on the child; and she in her turn fondly cherished the dog for the sake of her former benefactress. But Constant was for his own sake very deserving of regard, not only for his extraordinary sagacity and beauty, but for the faithful and courageous attachment which he manifested for her person, no one daring to attack or molest her while he was at her side. Constant was, moreover, very useful in carrying her basket of posies for her, while she was loaded

on either arm with those which contained the fruit; and so they performed their daily peregrinations, with kindly words on the one part and looks and gestures of mutely eloquent affection on the other. Very fond and faithful friends were this guileless pair; and they were soon so well known and excited so much interest in the environs of London that they were treated and caressed at almost every gentleman's house on the road; and the little girl found no difficulty in disposing of her fruit and flowers, and was as happy as a cheerful performance of her duties could render her.

But these pleasant days did not last; the small-pox broke out in the neighborhood: Dorothy's mother was attacked with this fatal malady, and, after a few days' severe illness, died; and the very night after the melancholy and hurried funeral of her beloved daughter-in-law took place, Annice Collie was laid upon the bed of sickness with the same cruel disease, and Dorothy was roused from the indulgence of the intense sorrow into which she was plunged by the unexpected death of her last surviving parent, to exert all her energies for the succor of her aged and helpless grandmother. "I know not how it was that I was enabled to watch day and night beside her bed, without sleep and almost without sustenance," would the weeping orphan say whenever she referred to that sad period; "but of this I am assured, that the Lord who feedeth the young ravens when they cry unto Him had compassion upon us both, or I never could have been supported, at my tender years, through trials like those. 'In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart, His comforts refreshed my soul;' and it was through His mercy that my dear grandmother recovered; but she never beheld the light of day again, the cruel disease had destroyed her sight."

Yes, in addition to all her other afflictions, Annice Collie was now blind, a widow, childless and destitute; yet was repining far from her, and raising her sightless orbs to heaven when she was informed by the sorrowful Dor-

othy of the extent of the calamity that had befallen her in the loss of her daughter-in-law, she meekly said, with pious Eli, "It is the Lord, and shall I complain or fret myself because He hath, in His wisdom, resumed that which, in His bounty, He gave? Blessed be His holy name for all which He hath given and for all that He hath taken away; though these eyes shall behold His glorious works no more, yet shall my lips continue to praise Him who can bring light out of darkness."

But the illness of herself and deceased daughter-in-law had consumed the little reserve that poor Annice had made for the payment of their rent; and their landlord, a hard and covetous man, who had ever since the death of Reuben Collie cast a greedy eye on the garden, which he and his son had made and planted with such labor and cost, called upon the poor widow on quarter-day and told her with many harsh words that unless she resigned the lease of the garden to him he would distrain her goods for the rent she owed him and turn her and her granddaughter into the street.

"It is hard to resign the lease of the garden, which has not yet remunerated us for the sum my poor husband laid out upon it, just as it is becoming productive; but I am in your debt, Master Barker, so you must deal with me according to your conscience," said the blind widow; on which he took the garden into his own hands and made a merit of leaving the two forlorn ones in possession of the cottage.

And now Dorothy betook herself to spinning for the maintenance of herself and her helpless relative; but it was not much that she could earn in that way after having been accustomed to active employment in the open air; and then her grandmother fell sick again of a rheumatic fever, and Dorothy was compelled to sell first one piece of furniture, then another to purchase necessities for her, till at length nothing was left but the bed on which poor Annice lay; and when Dorothy looked round the desolate apartment that had formerly been so neat and comfortable, she was

almost tempted to rejoice that her grandmother could not behold its present dreary aspect.

Winter again approached with more than ordinary severity; quarter-day came and found the luckless pair unprovided with money to pay the rent, and their cruel landlord turned the blind widow and her orphan grand-child into the street, and but for the benevolence of a poor laundress, who out of pity admitted them into her wretched hovel by the wayside, they would have had no shelter from the inclemency of the night that followed. Annice, helpless as an infant, sunk down upon the straw whereon her compassionate neighbor had assisted in placing her, and having feebly expressed her thanks turned her face to the wall, for she could not bear that her son's orphan should see the tears which she vainly strove to repress, but she could not hide them from the anxious scrutiny of the weeping girl. Dorothy did not speak, but looked very earnestly on the pale cheek and sunken features of her venerable grandmother, while she appeared to hold communion with her own heart on some subject of painful interest. At length she rose up with the air of one who has effected a mighty conquest, and exclaimed, "Yes, dearest grandmother, it shall be done; the sacrifice shall be made."

"What shall be done, my child?" inquired Annice in surprise: "I have asked nothing of you."

"Not indeed with your lips, dear parent of my departed father," said Dorothy, "but your pallid cheek and tearful eyes have demanded a sacrifice of me, which, however dearly it cost me, shall be made—I will sell Constant."

"Sell Constant!" echoed her grandmother. "Can you part with the gift of your royal mistress?"

"Not willingly, believe me," said Dorothy, throwing her arms about the neck of her mute favorite and bursting into a flood of tears, "but how can I see you want bread? It is not long since that I was offered an angel of gold for him by a servant of the Duchess

of Suffolk, and this I selfishly refused at that time, saying I would rather starve than part with my dog. Alas, poor fellow! though I have shared my scanty pittance with him, since your illness he has suffered much for want of food; famine hath touched us all, and I have reason to reproach myself for having retained a creature I can no longer maintain."

The next morning she rose at an early hour, and, accompanied by her faithful Constant, took the road to Westminster to inquire if the Duchess of Suffolk were still disposed to purchase him at the price she had named; but she returned bathed in tears and in great distress, having encountered two ruffians in a lonely part of the road at Knightsbridge, one of whom claimed Constant as his property, violently seized upon him and in spite of her tears and remonstrances, carried him off, threatening her with very harsh usage if she attempted to follow.

Poor Dorothy! this appeared the severest trial that had yet befallen her, at any rate it was one of those drops of bitterness which make a brimful cup of misery overflow; and regardless of the soothing or expostulations of her grandmother, she wept and sobbed all that night, refusing to be comforted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORAL COURAGE.

TO DO wrong, or, what is the same thing, to refrain from doing right, when the time for action arrives, because we are afraid of what other people may say or think, is the worst form of slavery. To break such bonds we need a deeper consecration to truth and duty. We may admit all the arguments against such bondage, and yet fail to escape from it; but, if we are faithful and loyal to the good and the right—if in our inmost heart we love and honor them above all things—we shall find continually growing within us that moral courage which wins for us our best freedom.


The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1890.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Saints not Left in Doubt.

 CHILDREN in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints possess many advantages over the children of the world. Instead of being left a prey to doubt and anxiety concerning their present lives and their future fate, they have knowledge imparted to them which is very satisfying and produces contentment and happiness.

If children outside of our Church be asked why they are here in this life, they can give no definite answer. If they should be asked what kind of a life they expect to lead after they leave here, the reply would be equally vague and indefinite.

But upon these points the Lord has favored the people of His Church. He has revealed to us that as His beloved Son Jesus lived with Him long before the world was formed, so also the spirits of the whole human family lived with Him and were His children before the earth was prepared as a habitation for them.

It is a delightful thought for everyone to entertain, that we are the actual children of our Father in heaven. It gives a new meaning to the form in which we pray to Him, "Our Father who art in heaven." We feel and know that He is our Father and that we are His children. It produces a feeling of nearness and a love and affection that could not otherwise exist.

Then concerning our being here. Why are we here? Why are we born as babes in the world and exposed to the trials and temptations, and sometimes suffering, of this mortal existence? What is the end to be gained by permitting us to come on to this stage of action?

The Lord has revealed this in plainness also, that this is a state of probation, a state of trial, where we are to be tested and proved with opportunities to show our integrity and our obedience and devotion to the cause of our God; that we will serve Him and keep His commandments in the midst of the darkness which surrounds us, notwithstanding the many allurements that Satan presents to cause us to depart from the right path. These trials develop our strength and bring us into close connection with our Father in heaven, because we seek unto Him for the necessary aid to help us to overcome them.

Having this knowledge, we see a purpose in life; we comprehend why we should be exposed to trials and have them to contend with, and we love this life because of its opportunities. No Latter-day Saint who has a correct understanding of the object God has in placing us here, and who does not lose his balance or become insane, would think of committing suicide—a crime which has become so common in the world.

As to the future, the Lord has given us many promises concerning it. If we keep our second estate—that is, the probation that we now are in, we shall be prepared for greater happiness than we could have had before we obtained bodies; for we will learn to distinguish between the bitter and the sweet, between sorrow and gladness, between suffering and enjoyment. This knowledge is essential, and we could not gain it in any other way that we know anything about than by passing through a probation like this.

In the temples of the Lord, promises are made to us by the servants of God and blessings sealed upon us concerning the future life that will all be fulfilled. It is impossible for the human mind to conceive of the glory that the faithful Latter-day Saints will have. Paul says: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Now, in having this knowledge the children of the Latter-day Saints have advantages that

are very great. They should be the happiest people in the world. No doubt they are, because one great reason of unhappiness among men is the uncertainty which surrounds them. To people who do not know the purposes of God, this life is a mystery. Its cares and trials are a perpetual worry, and they take but little real pleasure in life. It is true there are those who abandon themselves to the pursuit of pleasure, who have a species of enjoyment; but it is not solid, it is not real. Then there are others who, having great faith in God, put their trust in Him, though they know but little concerning the object of their existence. People of this class derive consolation from the reliance they place in God and their belief that He will order all things wisely and well for the benefit of His children; and so far as they do this they are happy. But we, through the revelation of the truth, are not in this condition. Our knowledge is more perfect. We have a foundation for our faith and our happiness, and it is as solid as the pillars of heaven. When a child is born we know why it is born. When a person dies we know why death has come. We are not left to idle speculation upon the subject. Everything is made plain.

The future fate of the heathen nations is a mystery to the world. They do not know what will become of them in eternity. But not so with the Latter-day Saints. The Lord has not left us in doubt on this subject, neither has He left us in doubt concerning the fate of our ancestors who never heard the gospel. We are taught by him that His work continues in eternity; that the gospel of salvation is taught there with the same authority that it is here; and He has provided ordinances by means of which those who hear and embrace the gospel in eternity can receive the benefit of baptism, of the laying on of hands and of the other ordinances necessary to salvation and exaltation. This understanding of the plan of salvation enlarges our views concerning our God and His justice, benevolence and mercy. We can acknowledge that He is a God of love, and our souls are filled with ad-

miration at His marvelous kindness unto the children of men. The more we know concerning the plan of salvation the better we are prepared to worship our God in spirit and in truth; for His God-like attributes are manifest in all these things, and we can see reasons for adoring His perfections.

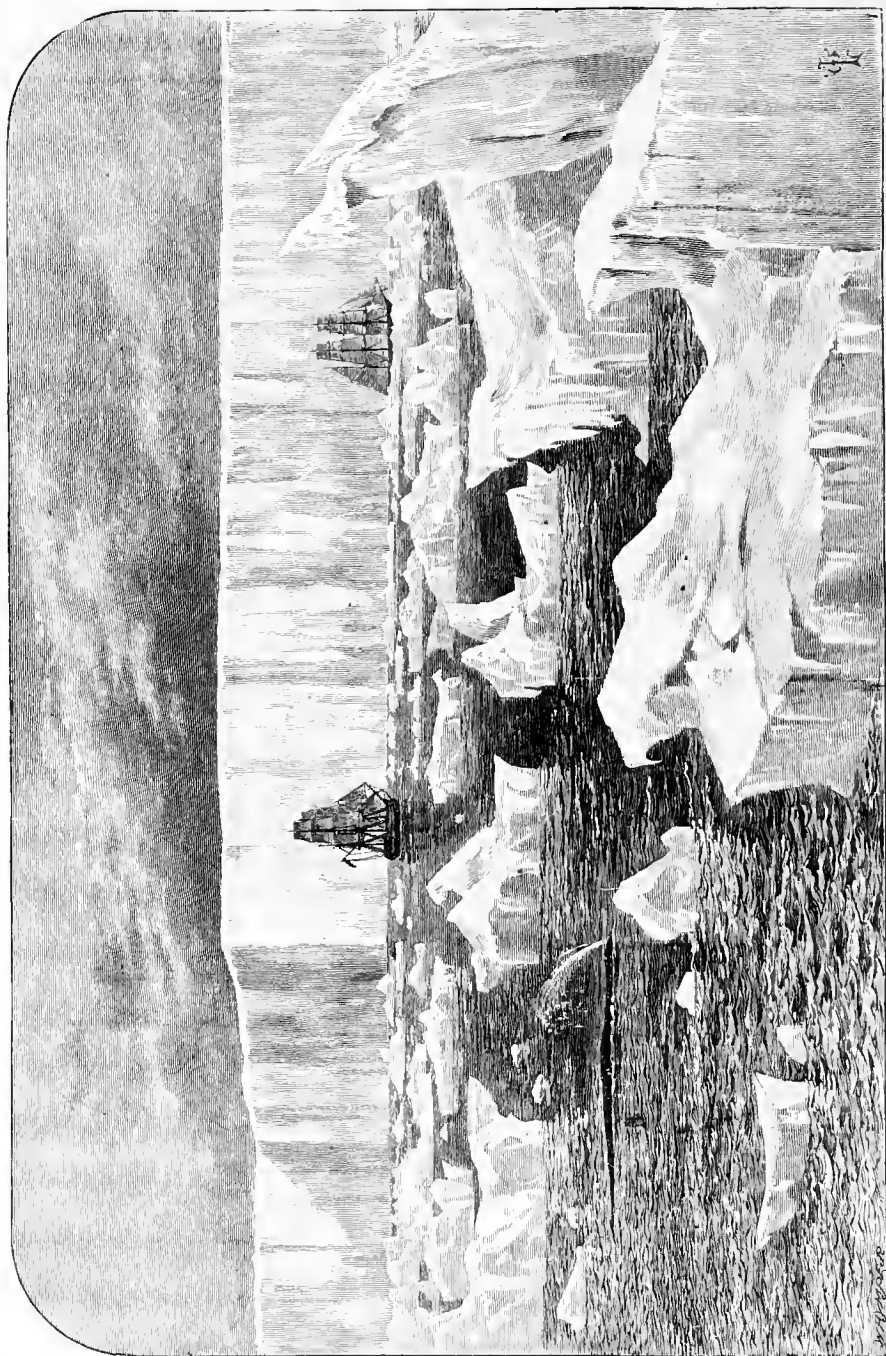
We desire to say to the children of the Latter-day Saints: You should inform yourselves concerning the glorious plan of salvation which God has revealed for man's redemption. By understanding it you will be made happy, and you will see continued reasons for gratitude and thanksgiving to Him for placing you on the earth at a time when these truths are taught and when the Priesthood is restored to administer all the ordinances of life and salvation.

ICE FORMATIONS.

A VERY good idea of the great obstacles met with by the explorer in the Arctic seas in his travels can be gained from the picture accompanying this article.

When we learn of the numerous expeditions that have been made in search of the north pole, or of some unknown country that might possibly exist in the extreme north, we perhaps wonder why some of them do not succeed in their undertaking; but if we could realize the extent of the difficulties and hardships they have to encounter we would be filled with greater wonder and astonishment at the endurance displayed by those who have composed these exploring parties. It is indeed remarkable what perils men will brave to satisfy curiosity. Nothing but actual impossibilities will keep mankind from adventures in their pursuit of knowledge.

During the past fifty or sixty years many vessels have been fitted out for voyages to the unexplored regions of the Arctic Ocean. The very fact that it is but little known gives it an enchantment that attracts the adventurer. But the story of these voyages is a sad one throughout. In every case they have suffered



THE GREAT ICE BARRIERS THAT ARCTIC EXPLORERS ENCOUNTER.

untold misery and privation, and many have perished from cold or hunger. The tales told by the survivors who return seem, however, with all their gloominess, to inspire

others to follow in their footsteps. But it is not likely that the same individual ever desires to make a second journey to such a forbidding clime.

What really does exist in the very far north is still a mystery. Unsurmountable icy barriers such as shown in the engraving have prohibited explorers from reaching beyond a certain degree of latitude. Some of them have, however, expressed a belief that there is land still further north—that just beyond these impenetrable mountains of ice is an open sea; and that birds have been seen to come from a northerly direction.

To appreciate the immense size of some of these icebergs they must be compared to mountains of rock such as we are familiar with. There is no other object that we can compare them to in size. Icebergs have been seen which measure more than two hundred and fifty feet from the surface of the ocean to their summits. Then as they float in the water the great bulk of them is below the surface. You can demonstrate this on a small scale by putting a lump of ice in a pail of water, when it will be found that the greater part of it lies beneath the surface. It is estimated that the volume of an iceberg that rests beneath the water is eight times the amount that is seen above. In length these ice blocks often extend several miles, so they are fully entitled to the name of mountains.

It may seem strange to some to have water classed as one of the solids of which the earth is composed, the same as we would consider the rocks. But such a classification would not be improper in the colder regions. There the water is found frozen into ice that is as hard as rocks, and it remains in that condition for ages. In extremely cold countries the water found under ground is frozen the year round. In digging a well in Yakutsk, Siberia, the soil was found to be frozen to the depth of three hundred and eighty feet, and in some parts beds of ice were dug through.

During a cold winter in St. Petersburg a house and several cannon were built of ice. Some of the guns were loaded with powder and ball and fired. Although they were but four inches in thickness they stood the explosion without breaking.

There are some peculiarities about ice that

cannot be satisfactorily explained. If water is heated it expands, and contracts on cooling; but just before reaching the freezing point it begins to expand again, hence when it is frozen it is more bulky than before, and floats in the water.

Ice has been known to form on the beds of rivers, but the cause of such a phenomenon is unknown. Water will freeze at 32° Fahrenheit under ordinary circumstances, but if kept perfectly still it will remain liquid when the temperature is lowered 22°. The least disturbance, though, will cause part of it to freeze immediately, and the remainder will rise in temperature to the ordinary freezing point.

It is a strange fact that if a vessel of hot water and one of cold water are placed out of doors on a cold night, the hot water will freeze first.

Here is another curiosity that can be accounted for: If a stone be placed on an iceberg it will gradually sink into it and become imbedded in the ice, leaving no opening where it entered. And while the temperature is so low that the iceberg does not melt on the outside, the stone will be enveloped in water. The reason for this is, the heat of the sun passes through the transparent ice and strikes the rock, which becomes warm and melts the ice that immediately surrounds it. In the same way the heat from the sun will pass through a glass window and warm the articles in a room while the window itself will be cold. Heat that comes as light from the sun or from a blazing fire will readily pass through a transparent substance like glass, while the heat from a stove that is closed will be intercepted by a pane of glass as effectually as by a plate of iron or any opaque substance.

NEVER suffer the invaluable moments of thy life to steal by unimproved, and leave thee in idleness and vacancy; but be always either reading, or writing, or praying, or meditating, or employed in some useful labor for the common good.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE experience of the Latter-day Saints has taught one important lesson which everyone should endeavor to make profitable. It is that it is not a wise thing for men to define the lines which the work of God shall pursue, or to set stakes concerning results that will be brought about.

Though the Church has been favored with the spirit of prophecy and revelation, and those who have borne the Priesthood have been inspired to counsel the people according to the mind and will of the Lord, still there are many details connected with the work of God which have not been fully made known. The reason for this is obvious. We must be a tried people. We must walk by faith, putting our trust in the Lord, and not, at present, by sight. In this way the leaders of the people of God, as well as the people themselves, have their faith tested.

There are certain things which are made very clear to all the Latter-day Saints who have the testimony of Jesus. One great and important truth is, that this work, whatever the vicissitudes may be through which it may be called to pass, will eventually triumph and become a great power in the earth. The Lord has revealed this with such plainness that no faithful person can be in doubt concerning it.

In the very outset of the work, when there were but very few members of the Church, the spirit rested upon the Elders and Saints in great power, revealing unto them, in the most positive manner, that the work of God which was then established should continue to grow and increase until it would fulfill the predictions of the ancient prophets concerning it; and during all the trials which have since taken place, this testimony has never been withdrawn from the faithful members of the Church.

One thing, however, has been clearly made manifest, and that is, that this is God's work. He is shaping its destinies. He is permitting events to occur which, from a human

standpoint, may not be viewed as favorable to the accomplishment of the destiny predicted. But knowing all things, the end from the beginning, He, in His infinite wisdom, can perceive plainly how His purposes shall be accomplished, in ways that are strange to men.

It is natural for men to expect, in connection with a work like this in which we are engaged, success to attend every step of its progress. When what men call success is wanting, then fears come in, and doubts are apt to intrude; and yet how often it has been the case, as we have proved by our experience, that that which we have viewed as a disaster has been overruled and made a cause of triumph.

We are apt to mark out in our feelings certain lines that the work of God should pursue. I very well remember the anticipations that were indulged in concerning the work while we were on our road to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. When the news came to the traveling companies, in 1847, that a place had been found which the servants of God had selected as a gathering place, great expectations were indulged in concerning the future of the work in that land. These valleys were so remote from all other settlements, and communication was so difficult, that many anticipated that we should be a secluded people, and grow up a mighty power in seclusion, until the time should come for the kingdom of the Lord to prevail. But how different has been the result! We have been thrown into the arena. We have been like a city set upon a hill, that cannot be hid. The eyes of all nations have been drawn toward us. The power of Babylon has been leveled against us, with a view of our overthrow and destruction. The success which has attended these combined efforts against us has produced disappointment in many minds, because it is not what has been anticipated. The wresting of the city government of Ogden and of the city government of Salt Lake from the Latter-day Saints, and what has seemed to be the triumph of the wicked

policy of those who are fighting against Zion, has been viewed as disastrous to the work of God, because it has been unexpected, and has not entered into the plans of our people concerning the future that laid before them.

It must not, however, be concluded that these events are really injurious to the work of God. There is a purpose in all this, and though we may not fully comprehend it at the present time, we shall see it and recognize the wonderful providence of God therein. Those who live as they should do have the assurance from the Lord, through His Holy Spirit, that everything that is now taking place, however threatening it may be to the Zion of God, will yet be overruled in such a way as to bring glory to His name and salvation to His people. To those who put their trust in God there is nothing discouraging in the outlook.

It is necessary that we should gain experience in many directions where we are at the present time deficient. Certainly there could be no better school for the training of a great people than that which is furnished for us now. There are painful features connected with it; but these make the lessons more impressive.

The qualities which the Latter-day Saints possess will stand out more prominently to the world by being brought in contrast with the wicked practices which exist everywhere around us. Men do not now bow down to idols formed of wood or stone, or other materials; yet they do bow down before money. It is the god which this generation worships. The corrupting effect of the love of money is visible on every hand. This is a mammon-worshipping age; and in men's eagerness to acquire money they are willing apparently to sell their souls. The whole nation, in every department, is being corrupted by the love that exists for money. It influences legislation. Its power is felt in judicial circles. Its influence upon the actions of officials is clearly manifested. Bribery and corruption exist on every hand.

We are the only community that I know of

that has escaped the demoralization which attends the love of money and the corrupting influence which it wields. It can be truthfully said, to the honor of the Latter-day Saints, that from the sitting of the first Legislative Assembly in this Territory up to the last, no suspicion has ever been entertained concerning the probity of the lawmakers, or that they have been influenced by pecuniary considerations to vote for or against proposed measures. This stain which attaches so generally to Legislative Assemblies and their members has never fallen upon the reputation of any of our Assemblies or of the members. The same can be truthfully said of those who have exercised judicial functions, or who have held office where the interests of the people were involved. This is a record of which we may well be fully satisfied, because it is in striking contrast with the conduct of officials and men in power in other places. The time will come when these characteristics will be recognized and valued. While we possess these we will always be a power in the earth. We may be traduced, abused and discriminated against by legislation; but the qualities which we possess, through obedience to the gospel and honoring the laws of God, will make us a distinct and peculiar and great people in the earth.

Already the contrast is very visible between the management of affairs in this city and in Ogden under the present officials and their predecessors in office. It is not probable that the Latter-day Saints will fall in love with the methods of government and managing affairs now employed. They will be more likely to be confirmed in the belief that their ways were the best, and the lessons which we are now being taught will not be lost upon them, nor upon their children. Though it may have been contrary to the expectations of many that we should be placed in our present position, yet the day is not far distant when we shall see how wisely the Lord has ordered events in permitting us to gain this experience and to pass through these scenes; and we shall doubtless freely acknowledge that it was

necessary that we should have the opportunities which are now furnished us of gaining knowledge in this manner, painful to the feelings of many though it may be. If men alone had the management and direction of the affairs of the Kingdom of God, it would go on from one success to another. It would be a series of uninterrupted triumphs, in which wickedness would be completely overthrown, the wicked be destroyed, and the full reign of righteousness be ushered in. But it is evident that what men would view as successes and triumphs are not always such in the eyes of the Lord. They might be the means of destroying us and thwarting the purposes of the Almighty. Therefore, in our position, it is for us to accept the situation and conform to it in the best possible manner. It should be the aim of all to exercise faith, so that whatever the trials may be we may stand firm, steadfast and immovable in the truth; cherishing within us the testimony which God has given, and relying on His promises. Depend on it, He is able to fulfill every word that He has spoken. He will not leave His people to themselves. He will sustain those who put their trust in Him, and they will be brought off victorious.

The Editor.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS.*

THE story of these, the chosen people of God, who have always occupied so peculiar a position in their relationship with other nations, has come down to us chiefly through sacred history, or Holy Scriptures. As they were not a people of any great political or commercial importance, profane historians do not give detailed accounts of them, but touch chiefly on those points where they come into contact with the world's history.

The scene of ancient Hebrew history was a small territory in Western Asia, called Palestine. If a map of Western Asia be

consulted, it will be found in the southern part of what is now called Asiatic Turkey; bordering on the eastern coast of the great Mediterranean sea.

Compared with other oriental kingdoms, Palestine was very small, being but one hundred and fifty miles long by fifty miles broad. It was bounded on the north by Cilicia in Asia Minor; on the east by Babylonia and Arabia; on the west by the Mediterranean sea and Egypt, and on the south by the Red sea.

The country is drained by the Jordan river, which rises near Mt. Hermon, and flows south into the Dead or Salt sea. The name Jordan signifies *flowing down*, and was probably suggested by the rapidity of the stream, occasioned by its great fall. In one part of its course it descends 682 feet in thirteen miles, in another, 615 feet in sixty miles. Its meanderings are also wonderful; in one part measuring 200 miles, while the actual distance in a straight line is but 60 miles. Its channel is deep, and in ancient times its banks were lined with oleanders, acacias, thorns and similar shrubbery.

The Dead sea is about 46 miles long by 11 miles broad. Its bed is 2600 feet below the sea level. Like our Salt Lake, it has no outlet, and it is so intensely salt that nothing can live in it. The drift-wood from the Jordan is soon bleached and petrified. This sea is supposed to cover the site of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah and Zehoiim, the four cities destroyed by fire because of their wickedness during the days of Abraham and Lot.

The climate of Palestine is very hot during the greater part of the year. Easterly winds are generally dry, while those from the west usually bring rains. The most of the rain falls during the months of April and November.

The sea coast is deficient in ports, the only bay being that of Accho.

Cæsarea, a city built by Herod the Great between Carmel and Joppa, was the capital of the Herodian kings and the Roman governors of Judæa.

*This is one of the pieces offered in competition for our two and one hundred dollar prizes.

Joppa, or Jaffa, was and is the port of Jerusalem.

The surface of the country west of the Jordan is composed mostly of valleys and plains, that east of the river of hills and plateaux.

The cities and towns were built on hills or on artificial eminences. Jerusalem itself is situated on a hill and is almost surrounded by ravines. Its situation is somewhat changed from what it was in the time of Christ.

In the southern part of Palestine is the great desert of Shur, the scene of the forty years' wanderings of the Israelites after their exodus from Egypt.

The Hebrews derive their name from their ancestor Heber, a man who was the fifth in direct line from Noah through his son Shem.

Historians divide the Caucasian or white race of people into three branches: Aryans, Semites and Hemites. The Hebrews are classed as pure Semites, together with the Phœnicians, Arabs and Assyrians.

The father of the Hebrew nation was Abraham, or at that time Abram, who with his father Terah, his brother Nahor and Lot, his brother's son, and their families, removed from Ur, in Chaldea, *en route* for Canaan in the twentieth century before Christ. Having reached Haran, in the northern part of Mesopotamia, they pitched their tents and dwelt there for a time. Here Terah died and was buried, at the age of two hundred and five years.

The family of Terah were direct descendants of Shem, the eldest son of Noah. They were a nomadic race, having no fixed place of abode but wandering around from place to place wherever they could find fair pasturage for their numerous flocks and herds. Their government and religion were patriarchal, and for their guidance in all important matters they relied upon direct revelation from God.

Abram had been commanded by the Lord to leave his home and his father's house and go to a land that He would show him, giving him at the same time the following great blessing: "I will make of thee a great na-

tion, and I will bless thee and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing. And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curseth thee; and in thee shall all the nations of the earth be blest."

Abram departed from Haran, as commanded, in the year 1996 B. C. He took with him his wife Sarai, his nephew Lot, their men-servants and maid-servants and all of their substance, consisting chiefly of flocks and herds. When he had arrived at the plain of Moreh the Lord appeared to him and promised him that land as an inheritance for himself and his heirs forever. Abram built an altar there and offered sacrifices to the Lord.

He removed thence to a mountain on the east of Bethel, with Bethel on the west and Hai on the east. Here he pitched his tents, built another altar to the Lord and again offered sacrifices. While he was still journeying toward Canaan there came a great famine in the land. It was so grievous that he was obliged to go into Egypt and remain a long time to escape it. When he reached Egypt he got into considerable trouble by pretending that Sarai, his wife, was his sister. Sarai being a beautiful woman, he feared the Egyptians when they saw her would kill him and take her captive.

When the princes of Pharaoh saw how fair she was, they spoke of her to the king and she was taken to his court. Pharaoh was greatly enamored of the fair Chaldean, and offered Abram great numbers of sheep, oxen, asses, camels, men and maid-servants for his sister, which of course were not accepted. Sarai, however, was not sent back to him until a great plague fell upon the house of Pharaoh, insomuch that he was glad to restore her to her husband. When Pharaoh learned the true state of affairs he sent for Abram, reproved him severely for his deceit and ordered them to leave the country forthwith.

So Abram and Lot, with their families and substance, returned from Egypt to the place between Bethel and Hai. During their wanderings they had grown so rich in cattle, gold and silver that the country was not large

enough to hold them peaceably. The herdsmen of the two masters quarreled over herding ground, while the Canaanites and Perizzites dwelling there helped to fill up the country.

Abram did not desire strife with his kinsman, so they agreed to separate. Abram gave Lot his choice of country. Lot chose the plain of Jordan and journeyed toward Sodom and Gomorrah.

After Lot's departure, the Lord again visited Abram, renewed His former promises, and added that he would make his seed as numerous as the dust of the earth. Abram next removed and dwelt in the plains of Mamre, in Hebron, and then built an altar to the Lord.

The next year, four of the kings of surrounding tribes made war with five of those of the Jordan Valley. Among the latter were the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah, who were defeated, and many taken prisoners, besides much of their substance being spoiled and carried away. Among these taken captive was Lot, Abram's nephew. One who escaped brought word to Abram, who, with his confederates, Mamre, the Amorite and Aeschol, the brother of Aner, and a company of three hundred and eighteen men, pursued the conquering hordes to Dan. They fell upon them in the night, and received the prisoners and goods.

Abram was met on his return, at the valley of Shaveh, by the king of Sodom, who offered him the goods for his timely aid. He would not take anything for himself lest the king should say he had made him rich; but insisted that his confederates should take their portion. It is at this time that we first read of Melchizedek, king of Salem, to whom Abram paid tithes of one tenth of the spoil he had brought back. Melchizedek was a priest as well as a king. He entertained Abram while in the Valley of Shaveh, with bread and wine, and blessed him, saying:

"Blessed be Abram of the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth; and blessed be the Most High God, which hath

delivered thine enemies into thine hand." Shortly after, the word of the Lord came to Abram, saying, "Fear not Abram; I am thy shield and thy great reward."

Abram and Sarai had had no children up to this time, which grieved them sorely. They feared lest their steward, Eliezer of Damascus, who had charge of all Abram's affairs, should have a son born to him, who would, in that case, be Abram's heir; it being the rule that when a man was childless, one born in his house should be his heir. But the Lord renewed his promises to Abram, and promised him a son and heir of his own.

When they had lived in the land of Canaan ten years, Sarai, still having no child, gave her Egyptian maid, Hagar, to her husband for a wife. When, in course of time, Hagar found herself in a fair way to present her husband with a son, she despised Sarai and taunted her with her barrenness. Whereupon Sarai complained of her to Abram, who gave her permission to deal with Hagar as she saw fit; and when Hagar thought herself mistreated, she fled from her home. An angel met her at a well on the road to Shur, and commanded her to return to her mistress. He promised her a son whose name should be Ishmael, because the Lord had heard her affliction. He predicted that Ishmael should be a wild man, whose hand should be against every man, and whom every man's hand should be against. Nevertheless, he should dwell in the midst of his brethren, and his seed should not be numbered for multitude. Hagar returned to Abram's house, and in due time, bore him a son whom they called Ishmael, as commanded. Abram was eighty-six years old when Ishmael, his oldest son, was born. Thirteen years later, the Lord appeared to Abram, renewed his covenant to make of him a great nation, and to give him that land as an inheritance, this time making his covenant everlasting.

He changed his name from Abram to Abraham, "for a father of many nations have I made thee." He also gave him the law of circumcision, as a token of the covenant be-

tween them, commanding that Abraham and every male member of his household, both bond and free, be circumcised. This was done on the same day the command was received, and the rule has continued among the Hebrews even to the present day.

The Lord changed Sarai's name to Sarah, and gave her great blessings promising her a son in her old age, for she was now ninety years old. But for all that, she was promised to be the mother of kings and nations. Abraham laughed at this, thinking it a strange thing for one so old to bear a son, and said to the Lord, "O, that Ishmael might live before thee." The Lord answered that Sarah should indeed bear a son, with whom the covenant should be established, and whose name should be Isaac. As for Ishmael, the Lord said "Behold, I have blessed him, and made him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly. Twelve princes shall he beget, and I will make him a great nation. *Cactus.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BIBLE AND EGYPTOLOGY.

THE points of contact between the Bible and Egyptology on which recent excavations have thrown light are (1) the arrival of Abraham in Egypt, (2) the rise of Joseph, (3) the stay of the Israelites in the country, (4) the exodus. It is generally agreed that the arrival of Abraham and the settlement of the Israelites occurred at a time when Egypt was governed not by native Pharaohs but by the *Hyksos*. It is highly probable that their invasion of Egypt occurred in connection with the conquest of Lower Mesopotamia by the Elamites. The name of Apepi, Joseph's king, is repeatedly found on the monuments. His statues have been found at Bubastis, which was doubtless an important Hyksos settlement. "Gosh-en" has been located in the immediate vicinity. Apepi became involved in war with the native prince, the result of which, not appearing, however, in his reign, was the expulsion

of the Hyksos. Rameses II. was the oppressor of the Hebrews. His reign is known very fully to us. Pithom, his store city, has been discovered. Rameses remains unknown. At Naukratis granaries, probably similar to those in these cities, have been discovered. We are still doubtful about the place of the exodus. The name "Rameses," whence they started, must be regarded as describing a district. The view of Ebers and Dawson makes the Israelites pass south of the Bitter Lakes. The objection is that then they would have had to cross a range of mountains. The view of Lesseps is better, that the passage was north of these lakes. The slightly undulating desert, which has all the appearance of an ancient sea, witnessed that deliverance.

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

AN OLD sea-captain in Edgartown, Mass., told me how he and his crew managed to get a supply of fresh water when cast upon an island in the rainless region. They had plenty of food which they had taken off before the vessel went to pieces, but not a drop of water. The shipwrecked vessel was a whaler, and they had brought on shore a big kettle such as is used to try out blubber in. This kettle they filled with salt water, covered it closely with sailcloth and boards, and then inserted a piece of lead pipe. A fire being kindled under the kettle, the steam passed off through the pipe was condensed and the water caught in another vessel. In this way they kept themselves supplied with fresh water during their stay on the island.

AFTER all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.

For Our Little Folks.

THE CHILDREN'S STORIES.

IN OUR last number we promised some stories about animals for the little folks, and invited our friends to write and tell us about anything they think will be nice to print, such as



A PARROT.

the doings of animals or some odd or queer things they notice. Our readers have not yet had time to reply to this invitation, but will by the time the next number of the paper is issued. We hope all will take an interest in this matter and do what they can to make the department a pleasing feature.

A PARROT'S AMUSEMENT.

Many of you, no doubt, have seen parrots, those pretty green birds that can imitate the sounds made by men or other animals. For several years a parrot was kept by a family living near a boiler shop. As it heard the workmen every day it soon learned to imitate the sounds made with their tools. Each day as its cage was placed outside in front of the house it would amuse itself by playing boiler-maker. It would make a ringing sound like that of an iron bar falling on an anvil, and a person would not know but what one of the workmen had dropped a tool on a piece of metal. Then for a time he would produce sounds like those made by filing a piece of iron, and again like hammering. This parrot learned to whistle, and to have a little fun it would whistle at a dog whenever one passed. The sound was so near like that made by men and boys when calling a dog that the dog would stop and look too see who was calling. As

soon as the dog's attention was called the parrot would remain quiet, but when the dog, seeing no man around, would start on it would whistle again. The dog would stop and look about once more, and so it went on until the dog, tired of being deceived, would go his way; and the parrot would look out for the next dog that came to play the same joke on.

A CHILD'S SAYINGS.

Little children are very quick to notice everything that people do in their presence. A little boy but three years old while sitting at the table one day saw some of the folks after eating take out of a holder little splinters of wood and pick their teeth with them. He at once thought that he might do the same; but the tooth-picks were out of his reach and he did not know what they were called. Children, though, can generally make their wants known in some way, and the little fellow called out, "Please pass the *tooth-matches*." The same little fellow was taken to a large building where there was an elevator instead of stair cases to carry people to the upper stories. On being told that he could have a ride on the elevator his eyes danced with joy and he very anxiously waited for the chance to ride. But when he got out of the cage of the elevator he felt a little disappointed, as the trip frightened him some, and he exclaimed, "I don't like to ride in that *alligator*."

"FATHER, what is a luxury?" asked Johnny, as he curled up on the rug before the fire.

"A luxury? Why, it's something we don't really need, you know—a thing we can do without."

"Well, then, I say," replied the logical youngster, "*what* a luxury a mosquito net must be in winter!"

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No.
13, VOL. XXV.

1. WHEN was another selection of Elders made to go upon missions from Nauvoo? A. Early in January, 1845.

2. Where were they sent and for what purpose? A. To the State of Illinois and the Territory of Iowa, for the purpose of frustrating the designs of wicked men, who were endeavoring to poison the minds of the people so as to create a public opinion which would sustain the raising of mobs against the Saints.

3. What was prepared by the Apostles about the time these Elders were called and set apart for their missions? A. An epistle.

4. What were some of the points contained in the epistle? A. It gave a cheerful description of the progress made in building the temple and the anticipations in which they indulged respecting certain portions of it being finished by the succeeding fall, so that they could give to the Saints their endowments in its rooms.

5. What instructions did it contain for the Saints abroad, who desired to share with them the labor as well as the glory, of building the temple? A. All the young, middle-aged and able-bodied men were requested to come to Nauvoo, prepared to stay during the summer, and to bring with them teams, cattle, sheep, gold, silver, brass, iron, oil, paints and tools.

6. What were the branches of the Church required to do? A. To send all the money, cloth, clothing and raw materials for manufacturing purposes they could.

7. What effect did the epistle have upon the Saints? A. It cheered, comforted and instructed them; and from it they gathered counsel and ideas that were precious to them.

8. What two good halls were finished during this time? A. One for the Seventies, in which to hold their meetings, and a concert hall with a view to promote the culture of music.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 13, Vol. 25: Sophronia Wood, Rebecca C. Allen, H. H. Blood, C. E. Wright, and Annie S. Sessions

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN was the city charter of Nauvoo repealed? 2. What was the city's name changed to the following April? 3. What was the condition of the city at this time? 4. What did the enemies of the Saints do next to get a pretext for having them arrested. 5. What cunning tricks did they resort to, to make it appear the accused were guilty?

GOD loves a cheerful giver.

THE FIRST WATCH.

THE first watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights and was called a "pocket clock." The first use of the modern name is found in a record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron-gilt, with two plummets of lead." The first great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but were only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, were wound up twice a day and were not exact time-keepers. A plain watch cost more than one thousand five hundred dollars, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

THE FOX AND GOOSE.

ONE warm spring morning Mr. Reynard went out to see what he could find for breakfast. He was in hopes he could catch some young chickens, for he was particularly fond of them, they were so tender; but all the little chickens were safe in the barnyards, where Mr. Reynard dared not venture, and he grew very hungry.

After a while he came to the edge of a grassy bank, at the foot of which was a broad lake. There, close by the water, preparing to take a morning swim, Mr. Reynard saw what

made his mouth water. It was a plump, handsome goose.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Goose!" said Mr. Reynard, as he ran down the bank, thinking to himself, "I'll make a meal of you in no time!"

"Good-morning, Mr. Reynard!" responded Mrs. Goose, with her most fascinating smile.

Mrs. Goose had already surmised Mr. Reynard's intentions, and she at once engaged him in conversation, while she tried to think how she could best escape his clutches. Meantime Mr. Reynard half-forgot his hunger, his vanity was so pleased at the seeming admiration of Mrs. Goose.

Suddenly Mrs. Goose asked, in a most winning way:

"Will you do me a favor, Mr. Reynard?"

"Command me!" he exclaimed, laying one paw across his heart.

"Well, then," said she, "please run up the bank, and see if my goslings are anywhere about, and tell them to hurry down here to take their swimming lesson."

Goslings! The thought made Mr. Reynard's eyes dance with delight. Of course he would go! If they were as fat as their mother, what a dainty breakfast he would have! So up the bank he scampered, well pleased with his errand. He could take care of Mrs. Goose after he had had a taste of her young ones.

But his search up and down the road was in vain; he scoured the

adjoining lots to no purpose, and he hurried back to the lake in a very bad humor indeed. But Mrs. Goose was not where he had left her. She was resting upon the water quite far enough from shore to be out of his grasp, and evidently enjoying his discomfiture.

"I think you must have forgotten that today is the First of April," she said, smiling, "and as I understood your intentions perfectly I thought you deserved to be sent on an empty errand. I may as well tell you," she added, "that I have no goslings, and if I had I should certainly not send you to fetch them. Good-day, Mr. Reynard!"

"You just let me catch you!" screamed Reynard, angrily.

"Oh no; I do not intend to let you catch me!" replied Mrs. Goose, swimming away toward the middle of the lake.

SINGULAR PLURALS.

REMEMBER, though box in the plural makes boxes,

The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;

And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,

That the plural of goose is not geese nor geeses;

And remember, though house in the plural is houses,

The plural of mouse should be mice and not mouses.

Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice,

But the plural of house should be houses, not hices;

And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet;

But the plural of root should be roots, and not reet.

ISRAEL AWAKE.

WORDS BY J. MCGREGOR.

MUSIC BY E. F. PARRY.

f Is - rael awake from thy long silent slumber, Shake off the fetters that bound thee so long;

Chains of oppression! we'll break them asunder, And join with the ransomed in vic - to - ry's song!

p Rise! for the time has come, Is - rael must gath - er home;

Rise! for the time has come, the time has come, Israel must gather home, must gather home;

f High on the mountains the ensign we see, *p* High on the mountains the ensign we see;

p Fall'n is the Gen - tile pow'r, Soon will their reign be o'er,

Fall'n is the Gentile pow'r, the Gentile pow'r, Soon will their reign be o'er, their reign be o'er,

f Tyrants shall rule no more, *p* Tyrants shall rule no more, *ff* Is - rael is free!

Tremble ye nations of Gentiles, for yonder
 The host of the despot, in battle array:
 Engines of war shake the earth with their thunder—
 The bright sword is drawn and the sheathe thrown
 Sound the alarm of war,
 Through nations near and far,
 Let its dread tones be heard o'er land and sea.
 Zion shall dwell in peace,
 Israel will still increase,
 Liberty ne'er shall cease,
 Israel is free!

Come to the land of the mountain and prairie,
 Gather in strength to our home in the west:
 Free are her sons as the breeze round the aerie—
 Birth-place of prophets and home of the blest.
 Come, let us haste away,
 Here we'll no longer stay;
 Zion, thy beauties we're yearning to see.
 Saints raise the heavenly song,
 Join with the ransomed throng,
 Angels the notes prolong,
 Israel is free!

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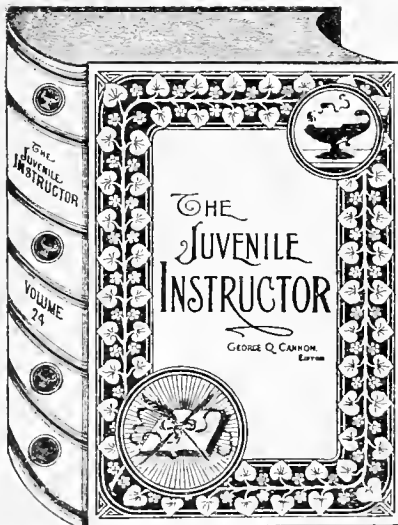
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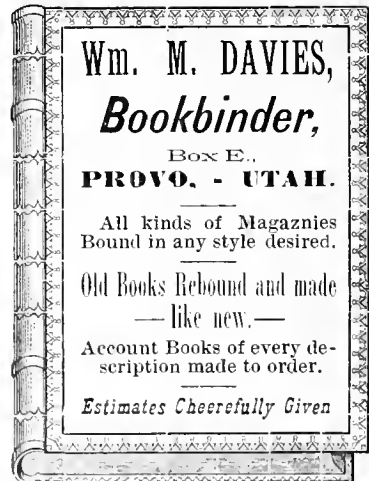
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